ROSINA,

A COMIC OPERA,

IN

TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

By Mrs. BROOKE,

Author of JULIA MANDEVILLE, &c.

THE NINTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

MDCCLXXXIV.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

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Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. BELVILLE,	Mr. BANNISTER.
Captain BELVILLE,	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
WILLIAM,	Mrs. KENNEDY.
RUSTIC,	Mr. DAVIES.
1st IRISHMAN,	Mr. MAHON,
2d IRISHMAN,	Mr. EGAN.
REAPER,	Mr. HELME.
ROSINA,	Mrs. BANNISTER.
DORCAS,	Mrs. PITT.
PHOEBE,	Mrs. MARTYR.

Reapers, Gleaners, Servants, &c.

SCENE, a Village in the North.

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. Bellville,	Mr. Bannister.
Captain Bellville,	Mr. Johnstone.
William,	Mrs. Kennedy.
Rustic,	Mr. Davies.
1st Irishman,	Mr. Mahon,
2d Irishman,	Mr. Egan.
Reaper,	Mr. Helme.
Rosina,	Mrs. Bannister.
Lucas,	Mrs. Pitt.
Phœbe,	Mrs. Martyr.

Reapers, Cleaners, Servants, &c.

Scene, a Village in the North.

ROSINA.

SCENE opens and discovers a rural prospect: on the left side a little hill with trees at the top; a spring of water rushes from the side, and falls into a natural basson below: on the right side a cottage, at the door of which is a bench of stone. At a distance a chain of mountains. The manor-house in view. A field of corn fills up the scene.

In the first act the sky clears by degrees, the morning vapour dispersses, the sun rises, and at the end of the act is above the horizon: at the beginning of the second he is past the height, and declines till the end of the day. This progressive motion should be made imperceptibly, but its effect should be visible through the two acts.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The day begins to break; a few ſtars ſtill appear; after the Trio, the ſun is ſeen to riſe. The door of the cottage is open, a lamp burning juſt within. Dorcas, *ſeated on the bench, is ſpinning;* Roſina *and* Phœbe, *juſt within the door, are meaſuring a buſhel of corn;* William *comes from the top of the ſtage; they ſing the following Trio.*

WILLIAM, ROSINA, PHOEBE.

WHEN the roſy morn appearing
Paints with gold the verdant lawn,
Bees, on banks of thyme diſporting,
Sip the ſweets, and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds, the day proclaiming,
Carol ſweet the lively ſtrain;
They forſake their leafy dwelling,
To ſecure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner,
Take the ſcatter'd ears that fall!
Nature, all her children viewing,
Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

[William *retires.*

Roſ. See! my dear Dorcas, what we glean'd yeſterday in Mr. Belville's fields!

[*Coming forward, and ſhewing the corn at the door.*

Dorc.

Dorc. Lord love thee! but take care of thyſelf: thou art but tender.

Roſ. Indeed it does not hurt me. Shall I put out the lamp?

Dor. Do, dear: the poor muſt be ſparing.

[Roſina *going to put out the lamp*, Dorcas *looks after her and ſighs, ſhe returns haſtily.*

Roſ. Why do you ſigh, Dorcas?

Dor. I canno' bear it: it's nothing to Phœbe and me, but thou waſt not born to labor.

[*Riſing, and puſhing away the wheel.*

Roſ. Why ſhould I repine? Heaven, which deprived me of my parents and my fortune, left me health, content, and innocence. Nor is it certain that riches lead to happineſs. Do you think the nightingale ſings the ſweeter for being in a gilded cage?

Dor. Sweeter, I'll maintain it, than the poor little linnet which thou pick'ſt up half ſtarv'd under the hedge yeſterday, after its mother had been ſhot, and brought'ſt to life in thy boſom. Let me ſpeak to his honor, he's main kind to the poor.

Roſ. Not for worlds, Dorcas, I want nothing: you have been a mother to me.

Dor. Wou'd I cou'd! wou'd I cou'd! I ha' work'd hard and 'arn'd money in my time; but now I am old and feeble, and am puſh'd about by every body.

" *Becauſe I, this ſummer, am turn'd of fourſcore*
" *They flout me, and lay ſtraws acroſs at my door:*
" *The bairns, wicked bairns! both at church and at green,*
" *Make faces, and jeer; 'tis a ſhame to be ſeen.*
" *Where I go, I'm the jeſt of the lads and the laſſes;*
" *'Tis thus, in life's winter, a woman's time paſſes.*"

More's

More's the pity, I ſay: it was not ſo in my young time; but the world grows wickeder every day.

Roſ. Your age, my good Dorcas, requires reſt: go into the cottage, whilſt Phœbe and I join the gleaners, who are aſſembling from every part of the village.

Dor. Many a time have I carried thy dear mother an infant, in theſe arms: little did I think a child of her's would live to ſhare my poor pittance.——But I wo'not grieve thee.

[Dorcas *enters the cottage, looking back affectionately at* Roſina.

Phœ. What makes you ſo melancholy, Roſina? Mayhap it's becauſe you have not a ſweetheart? But you are ſo proud you won't let our young men come a-near you. You may live to repent being ſo ſcornful.

A I R.

When William *at eve meets me down at the ſtile,*
How ſweet is the nightingale's ſong!
Of the day I forget all the labour and toil,
Whilſt the moon plays yon branches among.

By her beams, without bluſhing, I hear him complain,
And believe every word of his ſong:
You know not how ſweet 'tis to love the dear ſwain,
Whilſt the moon plays yon branches among.

[*During the laſt ſtanza* William *appears at the end of the ſcene, and makes ſigns to* Phœbe, *who, when it is finiſh'd, ſteals ſoftly to him, and they diſappear.*

Roſ. How ſmall a part of my evils is poverty! And how little does Phœbe know the heart ſhe thinks

inſenſible! the heart which nouriſhes a hopeleſs paſſion. I bleſt, like others, Belville's gentle virtues, and knew not that 'twas love. Unhappy! loſt Roſina!

AIR.

The morn returns, in ſaffron dreſt,
But not to ſad Roſina *reſt.*
The bluſhing morn awakes the ſtrain,
Awakes the tuneful choir,
But ſad Roſina *ne'er again*
Shall ſtrike the ſprightly lyre.

Ruſtic. [*Between the Scenes.*] To work, my hearts of oak, to work; here the ſun is half an hour high, and not a ſtroke ſtruck yet.

[*Enters ſinging, followed by Reapers.*

AIR.

See, ye ſwains, yon ſtreaks of red
Call you from your ſlothful bed:
Late you till'd the fruitful ſoil;
See! where harveſt crowns your toil!

CHORUS of Reapers.

Late you till'd the fruitful ſoil;
See! where harveſt crowns your toil!

RUSTIC.

As we reap the golden corn,
Laughing Plenty fills her horn:
What would gilded pomp avail
Should the peaſant's labour fail?

CHORUS of Reapers.

What would gilded pomp avail
Should the peaſant's labour fail?

RUSTIC.

Ripen'd fields your cares repay,
Sons of labour, haſte away;
Bending, ſee the waving grain
Crown the year, and chear the ſwain.

CHORUS of Reapers.

Bending, ſee the waving grain,
Crown the year, and chear the ſwain.

Ruſt. Hiſt! there's his honor. Where are all the lazy Iriſhmen I hir'd yeſterday at market?

Enter Belville, *followed by two* Iriſhmen *and Servants.*

1ſt. *Iriſh.* Is it us he's talking of, Paddy? Then the devil may thank him for his good commendations.

Bel. You are too ſevere, Ruſtic, the poor fellows came three miles this morning; therefore I made them ſtop at the manor-houſe to take a little refreſhment.

1ſt *Iriſh.* God love your ſweet face, my jewel, and all thoſe that take your part. Bad luck to myſelf if I would not, with all the veins of my heart, ſplit the dew before your feet in a morning. (*To* Belville.

Ruſ. If I do ſpeak a little croſs, it's for your honor's good.

[*The*

[*The Reapers cut the corn, and make it into ſheaves.* Roſina *follows, and gleans.*

Ruſ. [*ſeeing* Roſina] What a dickens does this girl do here? Keep back: wait till the reapers are off the field, do like the other gleaners.

Roſ. [*Timidly*] If I have done wrong, Sir, I will put what I have glean'd down again.

[*She lets fall the ears ſhe had glean'd.*

Bel. How can you be ſo unfeeling, Ruſtic? ſhe is lovely, virtuous, and in want. Let fall ſome ears, that ſhe may glean the more.

Ruſ. Your honor is too good by half.

Bel. No more: gather up the corn ſhe has let fall. Do as I command you.

Ruſ. There, take the whole field, ſince his honor chuſes it.

[*Putting the corn into her apron.*

Roſ. I will not abuſe his goodneſs.

[*Retires gleaning.*

2d. *Iriſh.* Upon my ſoul now, his honor's no churl of the wheat, whate'er he may be of the barley.

Bel. (*Looking after* Roſina) What bewitching ſoftneſs! There is a bluſhing, baſhful, gentleneſs, an almoſt infantine innocence in that lovely countenance, which it is impoſſible to behold without emotion! She turns this way: What bloom on that cheek! 'Tis the bluſhing down of the peach.

AIR.

Her mouth, which a ſmile,
Devoid of all guile,
Half opens to view,
Is the bud of the roſe,
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath
Than the flower-ſcented heath
At the dawning of day;
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lily's perfume,
Or the bloſſoms of May.

Enter Capt. Belville *in a riding dreſs.*

Capt. Bel. Good morrow, brother; you are early abroad.

Bel. My dear Charles, I am happy to ſee you. True, I find, to the firſt of September.

Capt. Bel. I meant to have been here laſt night, but one of my wheels broke, and I was obliged to ſleep at a village ſix miles diſtant, where I left my chaiſe, and took a boat down the river at day-break. But your corn is not off the ground.

Bel. You know our harveſt is late in the north, but you will find all the lands clear'd on the other ſide the mountain.

Capt. Bel. And, pray, brother, how are the Partridges this ſeaſon?

Bel.

Bel. There are twenty coveys within ſight of my houſe, and the dogs are in fine order.

Capt. Bel. The game-keeper is this moment leading them round. I am fir'd at the ſight.

AIR. *Trio.*

By dawn to the downs we repair,
With boſoms right jocund and gay,
And gain more than pheaſant or hare—
Gain health by the ſports of the day.
Mark! mark! to the right hand, prepare—
See Diana *!—ſhe points !—ſee, they riſe—*
See, they float on the boſom of air !
Fire away! whilſt loud Echo replies
Fire away.

Hark! the volley reſounds to the ſkies!
Whilſt Echo in thunder replies!
In thunder replies,
And reſounds to the ſkies,
Fire away! Fire away! Fire away.

Capt. Bel. (aſide) But where is my little ruſtic charmer? O! there ſhe is: I am tranſported. Pray, brother, is not that the little girl whoſe dawning beauty we admir'd ſo much laſt year?

Bel. It is, and more lovely than ever. I ſhall dine in the field with my reapers to-day, brother: will you ſhare our rural repaſt, or have a dinner prepar'd at the manor-houſe?

Capt

Capt. Bel. By no means: pray let me be of your party: your plan is an admirable one, eſpecially if your girls are handſome. I'll walk round the field, and meet you at dinner-time.

Bel. Come this way, Ruſtic; I have ſome orders to give you.

[*Exeunt* Belville *and* Ruſtic.

[*Capt.* Belville *goes up to* Roſina, *gleans a few ears, and preſents them to her, ſhe refuſes them; ſhe runs out, he follows her.*

Enter William (*ſpeaking at the ſide ſcene.*)

Will. Lead the dogs back, James, the Captain won't ſhoot to-day [*ſeeing* Ruſtic *and* Phœbe *behind*] Indeed? ſo cloſe? I don't half like it.

Enter Ruſtic *and* Phœbe.

Ruſ. That's a good girl! Do as I bid you, and you ſhan't want encouragement.

[*He goes up to the Reapers, and* William *comes forward.*

Will. O, no; I dare ſay ſhe won't. So Mrs. Phœbe?

Phœ. And ſo, Mr. William, if you go to that!

Will. A new ſweetheart, I'll be ſworn; and a pretty comely lad he is: but he's rich, and that's enough to win a woman.

Phœ.

Phœ. I don't *deſarve* this of you, William: But I'm rightly *ſarved*, for being ſuch an eaſy fool. You think, mayhap, I'm at my laſt prayers; but you may find yourſelf miſtaken.

Will. You do right to cry out firſt; you think belike that I did not ſee you take that poſy from Harry.

Phœ. And you belike that I did not catch you tying up one of cornflowers and wild roſes for the miller's maid: But I'll be fool'd no longer; I have done with you, Mr. William.

Will. I ſhan't break my heart, Mrs. Phœbe. The miller's maid loves the ground I walk on.

AIR. *Duet.*

Will. *I've kiſs'd and I've prattled to fifty fair maids,*
And chang'd 'em as oft, d'ye ſee!
But of all the fair maidens that dance on the green,
The maid of the mill for me.

Phœ. *There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,*
And call'd me the faireſt ſhe;
But of all the gay wreſtlers that ſport on the green,
Young Harry *'s the lad for me.*

Will. *Her eyes are as black as the ſloe in the hedge,*
Her face like the bloſſoms in May;
Her teeth are as white as the new-ſhorn flock,
Her breath like the new-made hay.

Phœ. *He's tall, and he's ſtrait as the poplar tree,*
His cheeks are as freſh as the roſe;
He looks like a 'ſquire of high degree
When dreſt in his Sunday cloaths.

Phœ. *There's fifty young men,* &c.

Will. *I've kiſs'd and I've prattled,* &c.

[*Go off on different ſides of the ſtage.*

[*As they go off* Roſina *runs acroſs the ſtage,* *Capt.* Belville *following her.*

Capt. Bell. Stay, and hear me, Roſina. Why will you fatigue yourſelf thus? Only homely girls are born to work.—Your obſtinacy is vain; you ſhall hear me.

Roſina. Why do you ſtop me, Sir? My time is precious. When the gleaning ſeaſon is over, will you make up my loſs?

Capt. Bel. Yes.

Roſina. Will it be any advantage to you to make me loſe my day's work?

Capt. Bel. Yes.

Roſina. Would it give you pleaſure to ſee me paſs all my days in idleneſs?

Capt. Bel. Yes.

Roſina. We differ greatly then, Sir. I only wiſh for ſo much leiſure as makes me return to my work with freſh ſpirit. We labor all the week, 'tis true; but then how ſweet is our reſt on Sunday!

AIR.

AIR.

Whilſt with village maids I ſtray,
Sweetly wears the joyous day;
Chearful glows my artleſs breaſt,
Mild Content the conſtant gueſt.

Capt. Bel. Meer prejudice, child: you will know better. I pity you, and will make your fortune.

Roſina. Let me call my mother, Sir. I am young, and can ſupport myſelf by my labor; but ſhe is old and helpleſs, and your charity will be well beſtow'd. Pleaſe to transfer to her the bounty you intended for me.

Capt. Bel. Why——as to that——

Roſina. I underſtand you, Sir; your compaſſion does not extend to *old* women.

Capt. Bel. Really——I believe not.

Enter Dorcas.

Roſina. You are juſt come in time, mother. I have met with a generous gentleman, whoſe charity inclines him to ſuccour youth.

Dorcas. 'Tis very kind.——And old age——

Roſina. He'll tell you that himſelf.

[Roſina *goes into the cottage.*

Dorcas. I thought ſo.—Sure, ſure, 'tis no ſin to be old!

Capt. Bel. You muſt not judge of me by others, honeſt Dorcas. I am ſorry for your misfortunes, and wiſh to ſerve you.

Dorcas. And to what, your honor, may I owe his kindneſs?

Capt. Bel. You have a charming daughter——

Dorcas, [*aſide*] I thought as much. A vile, wicked man!

Capt. Bel. Beauty like hers might find a thouſand reſources in London: the moment ſhe appears there, ſhe will turn every head.

Dorcas. And is your honour ſure her own won't turn at the ſame time?

Capt. Bel. She ſhall live in affluence, and take care of you too, Dorcas.

Dorcas. I gueſs your honor's meaning; but you are miſtaken, Sir. If I muſt be a trouble to the dear child, I had rather owe my bread to her labor than her ſhame.

[*Goes into the cottage, and ſhuts the door.*

Capt. Bel. Theſe women aſtoniſh me: but I won't give it up ſo.

AIR.

From flower to flower gay roving,
The wanton butterfly
Does Nature's charms deſcry.
From flower to flower gay roving,
The wanton butterfly,

On wavy wings high mounting,
If chance ſome child purſues,
Forſakes the balmy dews;
On wavy wings high mounting,
If chance ſome child purſues.

Thus

Thus wild, and ever changing,
A ſportive butterfly,
I mock the whining ſigh:
Still wild and ever changing,
A ſportive butterfly.

Capt. Bel. A word with you, Ruſtic.

Ruſtic. I'm in a great hurry, your honour: I am going to haſten dinner.

Capt. Bel. I ſhan't keep you a minute. Take theſe five guineas.

Ruſtic. For whom, Sir?

Capt. Bell. For yourſelf. And this purſe.

Ruſtic. For whom, Sir?

Capt. Bel. For Roſina: They ſay ſhe is in diſtreſs, and wants aſſiſtance.

Ruſtic. What pleaſure it gives me to ſee you ſo charitable! You are juſt like your brother.

Capt. Bel. Prodigiouſly.

Ruſtic. But why give me money, Sir?

Capt. Bel. Only to——Tell Roſina there is a perſon who is very much intereſted in her happineſs.

Ruſtic. How much you will pleaſe his honor by this! He takes mightily to Roſina, and prefers her to all the young women in the pariſh.

Capt Bel. Prefers her! Ah! you ſly rogue!
[*Laying his hand on* Ruſtic's *ſhoulder.*

Ruſtic. Your honor's a wag; but I'm ſure I meant no harm.

Capt. Bel. Give her the money, and tell her ſhe ſhall never want a friend; but not a word to my brother.

Ruſtic. All's ſafe, your honor.

[*Exit Capt.* Belville.

I don't vaſtly like this buſineſs. At the Captain's age this violent charity is a little *duberous*. I am his honor's ſervant, and it's my duty to hide nothing from him. I'll go ſeek his honor; O here he comes.

Enter Belville.

Bel. Well, Ruſtic, have you any intelligence to communicate?

Ruſtic. A vaſt deal, Sir. Your brother begins to make a good uſe of his money: he has given me theſe five guineas for myſelf, and this purſe for Roſina.

Bel. For Roſina! [*aſide*] 'Tis plain he loves her? Obey him exactly; but as diſtreſs renders the mind haughty, and Roſina's ſituation requires the utmoſt delicacy, contrive to execute your commiſſion in ſuch a manner that ſhe may not even ſuſpect from whence the money comes.

Ruſtic. I underſtand your honor.

Bel. Have you gain'd any intelligence in reſpect to Roſina?

Ruſtic. I endeavour'd to get all I could from the old woman's grandaughter; but all ſhe knew was, that ſhe was no kin to Dorcas, and that ſhe had had a good bringing-up: but here are the laborers.

Bel. "Let the cloth be laid on theſe ſheaves. Behold the table of happineſs!" But I don't ſee Roſina. Dorcas, you muſt come too, and Phœbe.

Dorcas.

Dorcas. We can't deny your honor.
Ros. I am aſham'd; but you command, Sir.

Enter the Reapers, following Capt. Belville.

AIR. *Finale.*

BELVILLE.

By this fountain's flow'ry ſide,
Dreſt in Nature's blooming pride,
Where the poplar trembles high,
And the bees in cluſters fly;
Whilſt the herdſman on the hill
Liſtens to the falling rill,
Pride and cruel ſcorn away,
Let us ſhare the feſtive day.

ROSINA *and* BELVILLE.

Taſte our pleaſures ye who may,
This is Nature's holiday.
Simple Nature ye who prize,
Life's fantaſtic forms deſpiſe.

CHORUS.

Taſte our pleaſures ye who may,
This is Nature's holiday.

CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN.

Bluſhing Bell, with downcaſt eyes,
Sighs, and knows not why ſhe ſighs;
Tom is by her—we ſhall know—
How he eyes her!—Is't not ſo?

CHORUS.

Taſte our pleaſures ye who may,
This is Nature's holiday.

WILLIAM.

He is fond, and ſhe is ſhy;
He would kiſs her!—fie!—Oh, fie!
Mind thy ſickle, let her be;
By and by ſhe'll follow thee.

CHORUS.

Buſy cenſors, hence, away!
This is Nature's holiday.

RUSTIC *and* DORCAS.

Now we'll quaff the nut-brown ale,
Then we'll tell the ſportive tale;
All is jeſt, and all is glee,
All is youthful jollity.

CHORUS.

Taſte our pleaſures ye who may,
This is Nature's holiday.

PHOEBE, IRISH GIRL, *and* 1*ſt* IRISHMAN.

Lads and laſſes, all advance,
Carol blithe, and form the dance;
Trip it lightly while you may;
This is Nature's holiday.

CHORUS.

Trip it lightly while you may,
This is Nature's holiday.

[*All riſe; the dancers come down the ſtage through the ſheaves of corn, which are removed; the dance begins, and finiſhes the act.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE *continues.*

RUSTIC.

THIS purſe is the plague of my life: I hate money when it is not my own. I'll e'en put in the five guineas he gave me for myſelf: I don't want it, and they do. But I hear the cottage door open.

[*Retires a little.*

[Dorcas *and* Roſina *come out of the cottage,* Dorcas *with a great baſket on her arm fill'd with ſkains of thread.*

Dorcas. I am juſt going, Roſina, to carry this thread to the weaver's.

Roſina. This baſket is too heavy for you: pray let me carry it.

[*Takes the baſket from* Dorcas, *and ſets it down on the bench.*

Dorcas. [*peeviſhly*] No, no.

Roſina. If you love me, only take half: this evening, or to-morrow morning, I will carry the reſt.

[*She takes part of the ſkains out of the baſket and lays them on the bench, looking affectionately on* Dorcas.

There, be angry with me if you pleaſe.

Dorcas.

Dorcas. No, my ſweet lamb, I am not angry; but beware of men.

Roſina. Have you any doubts of my conduct, Dorcas?

Dorcas. Indeed I have not, love; and yet I am uneaſy.

[Ruſtic *goes up to the cottage.*

Ruſtic. Now; now whilſt they turn their heads.

[*He lays the purſe on the bench unperceiv'd, and ſays to Capt.* Belville, *whom he meets going off,*

I have diſpos'd of your money, Sir.

Capt. Bel. Come this way.

[*He takes* Ruſtic *aſide.*

Dorcas. Go back to the reapers, whilſt I carry this thread.

Roſina. I'll go this moment.

Dorcas. But as I walk but ſlow, and 'tis a good way, you may chance to be at home before me, ſo take the key.

Roſina. I will.

[*Whilſt* Dorcas *feels in her pockets for the key;*

Capt. Bell. (*aſide*) Roſina to be at home before Dorcas? How lucky! I'll ſlip into the houſe, and wait her coming, if 'tis till midnight.

[*He goes unperceiv'd by them into the cottage.*

Dorcas. Let nobody go into the houſe.

Roſina. I'll take care; but firſt I'll double-lock the door.

[*Whilſt ſhe is locking the door,* Dorcas *going to take up her baſket ſees the purſe.*

Dorcas. Good lack! What is here? a purſe as I live!

Roſina. How?

Dorcas. Come, and ſee; 'tis a purſe indeed.

Roſina. Heavens! 'tis full of gold!

Dorcas. We muſt put up a bill at the church gate, and reſtore it to the owner. The beſt way is to carry the money to his honor, and get him to keep it till the owner is found. You ſhall go with it, love.

Roſina. Pray excuſe me, I always bluſh ſo——

Dorcas. 'Tis nothing but childiſhneſs: but his honor will like your baſhfulneſs better than too much courage. [*Goes out.*

Roſina. I cannot ſupport his preſence—my embarraſſment—my confuſion—a ſtronger ſenſation than that of gratitude agitates my heart—Yet hope in my ſituation were madneſs.

A I R.

Sweet tranſports, gentle wiſhes, go!
In vain his charms have gain'd my heart;
Since fortune ſtill to love a foe,
And cruel duty bid us part.
Ah! why does duty chain the mind,
And part thoſe ſouls which love has join'd?

Enter William.

Roſina. Pray, William, do you know of any body that has loſt a purſe?

William. I knows nothing about it.

Roſina.

Roſina. Dorcas, however, has found one.

Will. So much the better for ſhe.

Roſina. You will oblige me very much if you will carry it to Mr. Belville; and beg him to keep it till the owner is found.

Will. Since you deſire it, I'll go: it ſhan't be the lighter for my carrying.

Roſina. That I am ſure of, William.

[*Exit* Roſina.

Enter Phœbe.

Phoebe. There is William; but I'll pretend not to ſee him.

AIR.

Henry cull'd the flow'ret's bloom,
Marian *lov'd the ſoft perfume,*
Had playful kiſt, but prudence near
Whiſper'd timely in her ear,
" *Simple* Marian, *ah! beware;*
Touch them not, for love is there."

[*Throws away her noſegay.*

[*Whilſt ſhe is ſinging,* William *turns, looks at her, whiſtles, and plays with his ſtick.*

Will. That's Harry's poſy; the ſlut likes me ſtill.

Phoebe. [*aſide*] That's a copy of his countenance, I'm *ſartin*; he can no more help following me *nor* he can be hang'd.

[William *croſſes again ſinging,*

Of all the fair maidens that dance on the green,
The maid of the mill for me.

Phoebe. I'm ready to choak wi' madneſs, but I'll not ſpeak firſt an I die for't.

[William *ſings, throwing up his ſtick, and catching it.*

Will. *Her eyes are as black as the ſloe in the hedge,*
Her face like the bloſſoms in May.

Phoebe. I can't bear it no longer—you vile, ungrateful, *parfidous*—But its no matter—I can't think what I could ſee in you,—Harry loves me, and is a thouſand times more handſomer.

[*Sings, ſobbing at every word,*

Of all the gay wreſtlers that ſport on the green,
Young Harry *'s the lad for me.*

Will. He's yonder a reaping; ſhall I call him?

[*Offers to go.*

Phoebe. My grandmother leads me the life of a dog; and it's all along of you.

Will. Well, then ſhe'll be better temper'd now.

Phoebe. I did not value her ſcolding of a braſs farthing, when I thought as how you were true to me.

Will. Wasn't I true to you? Look in my face, and ſay that.

AIR.

AIR.

When bidden to the wake or fair,
The joy of each free hearted ſwain,
'Till Phœbe *promis'd to be there,*
I loiter'd, laſt of all the train.

If chance ſome fairing caught her eye,
The ribbon gay or ſilken glove,
With eager haſte I ran to buy;
For what is gold compar'd to love?

My poſy on her boſom plac'd
Could Harry's ſweeter ſcents exhale!
Her auburn locks my ribbon grac'd,
And flutter'd in the wanton gale.

With ſcorn ſhe hears me now complain,
Nor can my ruſtic preſents move:
Her heart prefers a richer ſwain,
And gold, alas! has baniſh'd love.

Will. "I ſee Kate waiting for me. Bye, Phœbe."
Phoebe. "Good bye to you."
Will. [*coming back.*] Let's part friendly howſomever. Bye, Phœbe: I ſhall always wiſh you well.
Phoebe. Bye, William.
[*Cries, wiping her eyes with her apron.*
Will. [*aſide.*] My heart begins to melt a little.—[*aloud*] I lov'd you very well once, Phœbe; but you are grown ſo croſs, and have ſuch vagaries—

Phoebe. I'm ſure I never had no vagaries with you, William. But go, mayhap Kate may be angry.

Will. And who cares for ſhe? I never minded her anger, nor her coaxing neither, till you were croſs to me.

Phoebe. [*holding up her hands*] O the father! I croſs to you, William?

Will. Did not you tell me this very morning as how you had done wi' me?

Phoebe. One word's as good as a thouſand. Do you love me, William?

Will. Do I love thee? Do I love dancing on the green better than thraſhing in the barn? Do I love a wake? a harveſt-home?

Phoebe. Then I'll never ſpeak to Harry again the longeſt day I have to live.

Will. I'll turn my back o' the miller's maid the firſt time I meet her.

Phoebe. Will you indeed, and indeed?

Will. Marry will I; and more *nor* that, I'll go ſpeak to the parſon this moment——

[*Kiſſes her.*

I'm happier——zooks, I'm happier *nor* a lord or a ſquire of five hundred a year.

Phoebe. "Why doſt talk of lords and ſquires, William? we poor folks are happier by far, if ſo be we are but content. Did not the parſon bid us mind how the ſtorm bow'd the great trees on the hills, whilſt the little ſhrubs in the valley ne'er bent a head for the matter?"

Will. "Thou ſay'ſt true, Phœbe."

AIR,

A I R. *Duet.*

Phœbe. *In gaudy courts, with aching hearts,*
The great at Fortune rail:
The hills may higher honours claim,
But peace is in the vale.

Will. *See high-born dames, in rooms of ſtate,*
With midnight revels pale;
No youth admires their fading charms,
For beauty's in the vale.

Both. *Amid the ſhades the virgin's ſighs*
Add fragrance to the gale:
So they that will may take the hill,
Since love is in the vale.
[*Exeunt arm in arm.*

Enter Belville.

Bel. I tremble at the impreſſion this lovely girl has made on my heart. My chearfulneſs has left me, and I am grown inſenſible even to the delicious pleaſure of making thoſe happy who depend on my protection.

A I R.

Ere bright Roſina *met my eyes,*
How peaceful paſs'd the joyous day!
In rural ſports I gain'd the prize,
Each virgin liſten'd to my lay.

But

But now no more I touch the lyre,
No more the ruſtic ſport can pleaſe;
I live the ſlave of fond deſire,
Loſt to myſelf, to mirth, and eaſe.

The tree that in a happier hour
It's boughs extended o'er the plain,
When blaſted by the lightning's power,
Nor charms the eye, nor ſhades the ſwain.

Enter William.

[*He ſpeaks between the ſcenes.*

Will. "Here's his honor, Phœbe: wait for me at the ſtile. [*bowing*] Pleaſe your honor, I am ſent to tell you Dorcas and Roſina have found a purſe.

Bel. Does any body claim it?

Will. No, Sir.

Bel. Let them keep it, William.

Will. But they charg'd me, pleaſe your honor, to give it to you.

Bel. Go, William, and carry it back.

Will. [*aſide*] He put it there himſelf: I thought ſo; 'tis ſo like him. I ſhall, your honor."

[*Exit* William.

Bel. Since the ſun roſe, I have been in continual exercife; I feel exhauſted, and will try to reſt a quarter of an hour on this bank.

[*Lies down on a bank by the fountain.*

[*Glean-*

[*Gleaners paſs the ſtage, with ſheaves of corn on their heads; laſt* Roſina, *who comes forward ſinging.*

AIR.

Light as thiſtledown moving which floats on the air,
Sweet gratitude's debt to this cottage I bear:
Of autumn's rich ſtore I bring home my part,
The weight on my head, but gay joy in my heart.

What do I ſee? Mr. Belville aſleep? I'll ſteal ſoftly—at this moment I may gaze on him without bluſhing.

[*Lays down the corn, and walks ſoftly up to him.*

The ſun points full on this ſpot; let me faſten theſe branches together with this ribbon, and ſhade him from its beams—yes—that will do—But if he ſhould wake—

[*Takes the ribbon from her boſom, and ties the branches together.*

How my heart beats! One look more—Ah! I have wak'd him—

[*She flies, and endeavours to hide herſelf againſt the door of the cottage, turning her head every inſtant.*

Bel. What noiſe was that?

[*Half raiſing himſelf.*

Roſina. "He is angry—How unhappy I am!—How I tremble!"

Bel. This ribbon I have ſeen before, and on the lovely Roſina's boſom—

[*He riſes, and goes towards the cottage.*

Roſina. I will hide myſelf in the houſe.

[Roſina, *opening the door, ſees Capt.* Belville, *and ſtarts back.*

Heavens! a man in the houſe!

Capt. Bel. Now, love aſſiſt me!

[*Comes out, and ſeizes* Roſina; *ſhe breaks from him, and runs affrighted croſs the ſtage*—Belville *follows*; *Capt.* Belville, *who comes out to purſue her, ſees his brother, and ſteals off at the other ſcene.*—Belville *leads* Roſina *back.*

Bel. Why do you fly thus, Roſina? "What can you fear? You are out of breath."

Roſ. O, Sir!—my ſtrength fails—

[*Leans on* Belville, *who ſupports her in his arms.*

Where is he?—A gentleman purſued me—

[*Looking round.*

Bel. Don't be alarm'd, 'twas my brother—— he could not mean to offend you.

Roſ. Your brother? Why then does he not imitate your virtues? Why was he here?

Bel. Forget this; you are ſafe. But tell me, Roſina, for the queſtion is to me of importance; have I not ſeen you wear this ribbon?

Roſ. Forgive me, Sir; I did not mean to diſturb you. I only meant to ſhade you from the too great heat of the ſun.

Bel. To what motive do I owe this tender attention?

Roſ.

Ros. Ah, Sir! Do not the whole village love you?

Bel. "At this moment, Rosina, think me a brother; or a friend a thousand times more affectionate than a brother." You tremble; why are you alarm'd!

DUET.

BELVILLE *and* ROSINA.

Belville *(taking her hand.)*

For you, my sweet maid, nay be not afraid,
[*Rosina* withdraws her hand.
I feel an affection which yet wants a name.

Ros. *When first—but in vain—I seek to explain,*
What heart but must love you? I blush, fear,
and shame—

Bel. *Why thus timid, Rosina? still safe by my side,*
Let me be your guardian, protector, and guide.

Ros. *My timid heart pants—still safe by your side.*
Be you my protector, my guardian, my guide.

BOTH.

Bel. *Why thus timid,* &c.
Ros. *My timid heart pants,* &c.

Bel. Unveil your whole heart to me, Rosina. The graces of your form, the native dignity of your mind which breaks through the lovely simplicity

plicity of your deportment, a thouſand circumſtances concur to convince me you were not born a villager.

Roſ. To you, Sir, I can have no reſerve. A pride, I hope an honeſt one, made me wiſh to ſigh in ſecret over my misfortunes.

Bel. [*eagerly*] They are at an end.

Roſ. Dorcas approaches, Sir; ſhe can beſt relate my melancholy ſtory.

Enter Dorcas.

Dorcas. His honor here? Good lack! How ſorry I am I happen'd to be from home. Troth, I'm ſadly tir'd.

Roſ. Why would you inſiſt on going? Indeed, Sir, ſhe will kill herſelf.

Bel. Will you let me ſpeak with you a moment alone, Dorcas?

Dorcas. Sure will I, your honor. Roſina, take this baſket.

Roſ. [*aſide*] I'll "put the reſt of the thread in, and" run with it to the weaver's.

[*Exit.*

[*Capt.* Belville *at the top of the ſtage ſpeaking to a ſervant.*

Capt. Bel. Roſina has taken that bye road: run inſtantly, and execute my orders, but be prudent, and watch the moment.

[*He retires.*

Dorcas. Will your honor pleaſe to walk into our homely cottage?

Bel

Bel. I thank you, Dorcas, but 'tis pleaſanter here; ſit down by me on the bench.

[*She curtſies and ſits down.*

Dorcas. "Dear ſoul! not a bit of pride."

Bel. Roſina has referr'd me to you, Dorcas, for an account of her birth, which I have long ſuſpected to be above her preſent ſituation.

Dorcas. To be ſure, your honor, ſince the dear child gives me leave to ſpeak, ſhe's of as good a family as any in England. Her mother, ſweet lady, was my bountiful old maſter's daughter, Squire Welford of Lincolnſhire.

Bel. What happineſs! But go on.

Dorcas. He was a noble gentleman, and nobody's enemy but his own. His eſtate was ſeiz'd for a mortgage of not half its value, juſt after young madam was married, and ſhe ne'er got a penny of her portion. They ſay, if Roſina had a friend, ſhe might get the eſtate again by paying the mortgage.

Bel. And her father?—

Dorcas. Was a brave gentleman too, a colonel: A charming couple they were, and lov'd one another ſo, it would have done your heart good to ſee them. His honor went to the Eaſtern Indies, to better his fortune, and Madam would go wi' him. The ſhip was loſt, and they, with all the little means they had, went to the bottom. Young Madam Roſina was their only child; they left her at ſchool; but when this ſad news came, the miſtreſs did not care for keeping her, ſo the dear child has ſhar'd my poor morſel.

Bel. 'Tis enough, Dorcas: you ſhall not repent your kindneſs to her. But her father's name?

Dorcas. Martin; Colonel Martin.

Bel. I am too happy: he was the friend of my father's heart: a thouſand times have I heard him lament his fate. Roſina's virtues ſhall not go unrewarded.

Dorcas. Yes I know'd it wou'd be ſo. Heaven never forſakes the good man's children.

Bel. I have another queſtion to aſk you, Dorcas, and anſwer me ſincerely; is her heart free?

Dorcas. To be ſure, ſhe never would let any of our young men come a-near her, and yet——

Bel. Speak: I am on the rack.

Dorcas. I'm afeard—ſhe mopes and ſhe pines—But your honor wou'd be angry—I'm afeard the Captain—

Bel. [*aſide*] Then my foreboding heart was right! 'Tis well, Dorcas; I ſee my brother yonder, leave us.

Dorcas. I'll go ſeek for the dear child.

[*She goes out.*

Enter Capt. Belville.

Capt. Bel. I wiſh it was over; I'm not quite eaſy.

Bel. I thought you intended to ſhoot to-day, brother?

Capt. Bel. No; I chang'd my mind.

Bel. You fancied it pleaſanter chatting with Roſina?

Capt. Bel. With Roſina?

Bel. O, don't affect ignorance, I ſaw you come out of her cottage.

Capt. Bel. True, yes; I had forgot. Fatigu'd with the heat, I enter'd the houſe, and finding nobody

body there, threw myſelf on the bed, and fell aſleep: that was all, I aſſure you.

Bel. Not quite: for whom was the purſe intended? Come, brother, you love her.

Capt. Bel. Juſt as I love all pretty women: one muſt be amus'd in the country.

Bel. I ſee plainly the ſource of all your errors, brother: an early acquaintance with the worſt part of the ſex, has given you an unfavourable idea of the beſt. But time will correct that miſtake; "your heart is noble, and therefore cannot but be charm'd with Virtue when ſhe comes led by the Loves and the Graces." Be ſincere with me, brother; do you think Roſina loves you?

Capt Bel. She has a few palpitations, I believe; but the little fool does not know what ails her.

Bel. Tis enough; ſince ſhe loves you, you ſhall marry her.

Capt. Bel. Marry her? Do I hear right?

Bel. Why do you ſmile? ſhe is amiable, and merits to be treated with reſpect.

Capt. Bel. Reſpect? I ſhall expire—Reſpect—a little gleaner!—No power of face can ſtand this.

Bel. Hear me, Sir.

Capt. Bel. But pray, Charles, ſince ſhe is ſo very reſpectable, why not marry her yourſelf?

Bel. I wiſh her partiality for you did not prevent my taking your advice. To obviate every objection, ſhe is your equal; the daughter of Col. Martin, and intitled to a ſhare of her grandfather's eſtate. In the mean time, obtain her conſent, and a third of my fortune is yours.

Capt.

Capt. Bel. This alters the caſe extremely, brother: Roſina in herſelf—But let us find her.

[*Going.*

Bel. Whither are you going, brother?

Capt. Bel. Only to—S'death! What ſhall I ſay? I am ruin'd if my fellows meet her—

Enter Dorcas *and* Ruſtic.

Dorcas. Help, for Heaven's ſake, Sir! I have loſt my child!—ſhe is carried away—

Bel. Roſina?

Capt. Bel. [*confuſedly*] Don't be alarm'd——let me go——

Dorcas. I heard her cries, and ran to the place; but ſhe was gone.—

Capt. Bel. I fly to ſave her.

Bel. With *me*, Sir—I will not loſe ſight of you. Ruſtic, haſten inſtantly with our Reapers. Dorcas, you will be our guide.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Meadow by the River ſide.*

Enter Belville, Capt. Belville, *and* Dorcas; *on the other ſide* Ruſtic, *and the firſt and ſecond* Iriſhman.

Ruſtic. Don't be frighted, Sir; the Iriſhmen have reſcued her; ſhe is juſt here.

1ſt *Iriſhman.* [*To* Dorcas] Dry your tears, my jewel; we have done for them. *Dorcas.*

Dorcas. Have you ſav'd her? I owe you more than life.

1ſt *Iriſh.* Faith, good woman, you owe me nothing at all. I'll tell your honor how it was. My comrades and I were croſſing the meadow, going home, when we ſaw them firſt; and hearing a woman cry, I look'd up, and ſaw them putting her into a ſkiff againſt her will. Says I, Paddy, is not that the clever little *crater* that was *glaning* in the field with us this morning? "Tis ſo, ſure enough," ſays he. "By St. Patrick," ſays I, "there's enough of us to *reſcute* her." With that we ran for the bare life, waded up to the knees, laid about us bravely with our ſhillelays, knock'd them out of the ſkiff, and brought her back ſafe: and here ſhe comes, my jewel.

[*A boat appears,* Roſina *lands, is led forward by the Reapers, and throws herſelf into* Dorcas's *arms.*

Dorcas. I canno' ſpeak—Art thou ſafe?—

Bel. I dread to find the criminal.

Ruſtic. Your honor need not go far afield, I believe; it muſt have been ſome friend of the Captain's, for his French valet commanded the party.

Capt. Bel. I confeſs my crime; my paſſion for Roſina hurried me out of myſelf.

Bel. "Was my houſe, Sir, choſen for the ſcene of your ungovern'd licentiouſneſs?" You have diſhonor'd me, diſhonor'd the glorious profeſſion you have embrac'd.—But be gone, I renounce you as my brother, and reſume my ill-plac'd friendſhip.

Capt. Bel. Your indignation is juſt; I have offended almoſt paſt forgiveneſs. Will the offer of my hand repair the injury?

Bel. If Roſina accepts it, I am ſatisfied.

Capt. Bel. What I have done, Roſina, was the effect of a too tender love. Ought you to puniſh it? Accept my hand.

Roſ. [*To* Belville] Will you, Sir, ſuffer?—This hope is a ſecond inſult. Whoever offends the object of his love is unworthy of obtaining her.

Bel. This noble refuſal paints your character. I know another, Roſina, who loves you with as ſtrong, though purer ardor: the timidity inſeparable from real love has hitherto prevented his declaring himſelf—but if allowed to hope—

Roſ. Do not, Sir, envy me the calm delight of paſſing my independent days with Dorcas, in whom I have found a mother's tenderneſs.

Dorcas. Bleſs thee, my child; thy kindneſs melts my heart.

Bel. Do you refuſe me too then, Roſina?

[Roſina *raiſes her eyes tenderly on* Belville, *lowers them again, and leans on* Dorcas.

Dorcas. You, Sir? You?—Sure I am in a dream!

Capt. Bel. What do I hear?

Bel. Roſina, may I hope?

Roſ. My confuſion—my bluſhes—

Bel. " 'Tis enough; I ſee I am rejected.

Roſ. " 'Tis the firſt time in your life, I believe, that you ever were miſtaken.

[*Giving her hand timidly to* Belville.

Bel. "Then I am happy!" My life! my Roſina!

AIR.

How bleſt, my fair, who on thy face
Uncheck'd by fear, may fondly gaze!
Who, when he breathes the tender ſigh,
Beholds no anger in thine eye!

Ah, then, what joys await the ſwain,
Who ardent pleads, nor pleads in vain;
Whoſe voice, with rapture all divine,
Secure may ſay, "This heart is mine!"

Capt. Bel. I am puniſh'd; but I have too well deſerv'd it.

Phoebe. Do you ſpeak to his honour, William.

Will. No; do you ſpeak, Phoebe.

Phoebe. I am aſham'd—William and I, your honour—William pray'd me to let him keep me company—ſo he gain'd my good-will to have him, if ſo be my grandmother conſents.

[*Curtſying, and playing with her apron.*

Will. If your honour would be ſo good to ſpeak to Dorcas.

Bel. Dorcas, you muſt not refuſe me any thing to-day. I'll give William a farm.

Dorcas. Your honour is too kind—take her, William, and make her a good huſband.

Will. That I will, dame.

Will. *Phoe.* } [*To* Bel.] Thank your honour.

[Belville *joins their hands; they bow and curtſy.*

Will. What muſt I do with the purſe, your honour? Dorcas would not take it.

Bel. I believe my brother has the beſt right.

Capt. Bel. 'Tis yours, William; diſpoſe of it as you pleaſe.

Will. Then I'll give it to our honeſt Iriſhmen, who fought ſo bravely for Roſina.

Bel. You have made a good uſe of it, William; nor ſhall my gratitude ſtop here.

Capt. Bel. Allow me to retire, brother, and learn at a diſtance from you to correct thoſe errors into which the fire of youth, and bad example, have hurried me. When I am worthy of your eſteem, I will return, and demand my rights in your affection.

Bel. You muſt not leave us, brother: the man who wiſhes to be virtuous is already become ſo. Reſume the race of honour; be indeed a ſoldier, and be more than my brother—be my friend. Dorcas, you have a mother's right in Roſina, and muſt not leave us.

[*During the Finale,* William *diſtributes the money among the Reapers.*

AIR.

AIR. *Finale.*

BELVILLE *and* CAPTAIN BELVILLE.

To bleſs, and to be bleſt, be ours,
Whate'er our rank, whate'er our powers,
On ſome her gifts kind fortune ſhowers,
Who reap, like us, in this rich ſcene.

Yet thoſe who taſte her bounty leſs
The ſigh malevolent repreſs,
And loud the feeling boſom bleſs,
Which ſomething leaves for want to glean.

ROSINA.

How bleſt am I! ſupremely bleſt!
Since Belville all his ſoul expreſt,
And fondly claſp'd me to his breaſt:
I now may reap—how chang'd the ſcene!

But ne'er can I forget the day,
When, all to want and woe a prey,
Soft Pity taught his ſoul to ſay,
"Unfeeling Ruſtic, *let her glean!"*

RUSTIC, DORCAS, WILLIAM, PHOEBE.

The hearts you glad your own diſplay,
The heav'ns ſuch goodneſs muſt repay;
And bleſt through many a ſummer's day,
Full crops you'll reap in this rich ſcene:

And

And O! when ſummer's joys are o'er,
And autumn yields its fruits no more,
New bleſſings be there yet in ſtore,
For winter's ſober hours to glean.

CHORUS of All.

And O! when ſummer's joys are o'er, &c.

[*The Reapers form dances, and preſent noſegays of cornflowers and poppies to* Belville *and* Roſina.

FINIS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE favourable reception this little Piece has met with from the Public, demands my warmeſt acknowledgements: nor can I ſay too much of the ſupport it has received, both from the muſic, admirably adapted to the words, and the ſpirited and judicious performance of the ſeveral characters, which ſurpaſs'd my moſt ſanguine wiſhes.

The decorations, deſigned and executed in that ſtyle of elegant and characteriſtic ſimplicity which the ſubject requir'd, add greatly to the effect of the whole.

The fable of this piece, taken from the book of Ruth; a fable equally ſimple, moral, and intereſting, has already furniſh'd a ſubject for the beautiful Epiſode of Palemon and Lavinia in Thomſon's Seaſons, and a pleaſing Opera of Monſ. Favart: of both I have availed myſelf as far as the difference of my plan would allow; but as we are not, however

extraordinary it may appear, ſo eaſily ſatisfied with meer ſentiment as our more ſprightly neighbors the French, I found it neceſſary to diverſify the ſtory by adding the comic characters of William and Phœbe, which I hop'd might at once relieve, and heighten, the ſentimental caſt of the other perſonages of the drama.

Some of the ſongs, and a few ſhort paſſages of the dialogue, (printed with inverted commas) though judiciouſly omitted in the repreſentation from the apprehenſion of making the Opera too long, are here reſtor'd, as tending to mark the characters with more preciſion.

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